Mash. So did you me my Soueraigne.
Gray. And me my Lord.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours
There is yours my Lord of *Masham.*
And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland,* this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours
Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
These English monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France*
To kill vs here in *Hampton.* To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis

Tis so strange, that tho the truth dot
As black from white, mine eye wil s
Their faults are open, arrest them to
And God acquit them of their pract
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard,* Earle of C
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry,* Lord of *Mash*
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Gray,* knight
Mash. Our purposes God iustly ha
And I repent my fault more then my
Which I beseech your maiestie forgi
Altho my body pay the price of it.
King. God quit you in his mercy.
You haue conspired against our roya
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed a
And frō his coffers receiued the golde
Touching our person we seeke no red
But we our kingdomes safetie must s
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you.
Get ye therefore hence: poore misera
The taste whereof, God in his mercy
Patience to endure, and true repentan
Beare them hence.

Now Lords to *France.* The enterpris
Shall be to you as vs, successiuely.
Since God cut off this dangerous treas
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war adua
No King of England, if not King of *Fr*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)